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THE RESURRECTION DAY

BY DR. TALMAGE FOR EAST-
ER SUNDAY.

"Come, see the Place Where the Lord
Lay." The Text of the Discourse—A
Wonderfully Graphic Word-Painting
of the Last Scene of Earth.

NEW YORK, March 23.—Dr. Tal-
mage preached an Easter sermon to
his two audiences today. Both at the
morning service in Brooklyn and at
the Christian Herald service in New
York in the evening the Academies of
Music were being with a profusion of
flowers, Easter lilies being conspicuous.
A selection of music appropriate to the
festival was beautifully rendered at
each service. The text of the preach-
er's discourse was Matthew xxviii, 6,
"Come, see the place where the Lord
lay."

Visiting any great city we are not
satisfied until we have also looked at
its cemetery. We examine all the styles
of cenotaph, mausoleum, sarcophagus,
crypt and sculpture. Here lies buried
a statesman, yonder an orator, here a
poet, out there an inventor, in some
other place a great philanthropist. But
with how much greater interest and
with more depth of emotion we look
upon our family plot in the cemetery.
In the one case it is a matter of public
interest, in the other it is a matter of
private and heartfelt affection. But
around the grave at which we halt this
morning there are gathered all kinds of
stupendous interest. At this sepulcher,
I have to tell you, in this sepulcher
there was buried a king, a conqueror,
an emperator, a friend, a brother, a
Christ. Monarch of the universe, but
bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh,
and sorrow of our sorrow, and heart of
our heart. "Come, see the place where
the Lord lay."

It has for surroundings the manor in
the suburbs of Jerusalem, a manor
owned by a wealthy gentleman by the
name of Joseph. He was one of the
court of seventy who had condemned
Christ, but I think he had voted in the
negative, or, being a timid man, had
been absent at the time of the casting of
the vote. He had laid out the parterre
at great expense. It was a hot climate,
and I suppose there were broad
branched trees and winding paths un-
derneath them, while here the waters
rippled over the rock into a fishpool,
and yonder the vines and the flowers
climbed over the wall, and all around
there were the beauties of kiosk arbor-
culture. After the fatigues of the Je-
rusalem courtroom, how refreshing to
come out in these suburbs botanical
and pomological!

WHERE JESUS LAY.

I walk a little farther on in the par-
terre and I come across a cluster of
rocks, and I see on them the marks of
a sculptor's chisel. I come still closer
and I find that there is a subterranean
recess, and I walk down the marble
stairs, and come to a portico, over the
doorway an architecture of fruits and
flowers chiseled by the hand of the
sculptor. I go into the portico, and on
either side there are rooms, two or
four or six rooms of rock; in the walls
niches, each niche large enough to hold
a dead body. One of these rooms of rock
is especially wealthy with sculpture. It
is a beautiful and charming spot. Why
all this? The fact was that Joseph,
the owner of the parterre, of that
wealthy manor, had recognized the fact
that he could not always walk those
gardens, and he sought this as his own
last resting place. What a beautiful
plot in which to wait for the resurrec-
tion!

Mark well the mausoleum in the
rock. It is to be the most celebrated
tomb in all the ages; catacombs of
Egypt, tomb of Napoleon, Mahal Taj
of India, nothing compared with it.
Christ had just been murdered, and his
body must be thrown out to the dogs
and the ravens, as was customary with
crucified bodies, unless there be prompt
and effective hindrance. Joseph, the
owner of the parterre, of that
wealthy manor, had recognized the fact
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tion!

I think embalmment was omitted.
When in olden times they wished to
embalm a dead body the priest with
some pretension of medical skill would
show the point between the ribs where
the incision was to be made. Then the
operator would come and make the in-
cision, and then run for his life else he
would be slain for violating the dead
body. Then the other priests would
come with salt and niter and cassia
and wine of palm tree and complete
the embalmment. But I think in this
case embalmment was omitted lest there
be more excitement and another riot.
The funeral advances. Present, Joseph,
the owner of the mausoleum; Nicodemus,
who brought the flowers, and the two
Marys. Heavy burden on the
shoulders of two men as they carry the
body of Christ down the marble stairs
and into the portico and lift the dead
weight to the level of the niche in the
rock, and push the body of Christ into
the only pleasant resting place it ever
had. These men coming forth close
the door of rock against the recess. The
government, afraid that the disciples
would seal the body of Christ and
play resurrection, put upon the door
the seal of the Sanhedrin, the viola-
tion of that seal, like the violation of
the seal of the United States govern-
ment or of the British government, al-
ways followed with severe penalties.

SOLDIERS GUARDED IT.

A regiment of soldiers from the Tower
of Antonio is detailed to guard that

mausoleum. At the door of that tomb
a light took place which decided the
question for all graveyards and ceme-
teries. Sword of lightning against
sword of steel. Angel of God against
the military. The body in the crypt
begins to move in its shroud of fine
linen and slides down upon the pave-
ment, moves through the portico, ap-
pears in the doorway, comes up the
marble steps. Christ, having left his
military attire behind him, comes
forth in the garb of a workman as I
take it, from the fact that the women
mistook him for the gardener.

There and then was shattered the
tomb so that it can never be rebuilt.
All the trowels of earthly masonry can-
not mend it. Forever and forever it
is a broken tomb. Death that day tak-
ing the side of the military received a
horrible cut under the angel's spear of
flame, and must himself go down at the
last—the King of Terrors disappearing
before the King of Grace. "The Lord
is risen." Hosanna! Hosanna!

Oh, weep no more, your comforts slain.
The Lord is risen, he lives again.
When one of the old Christians was
dying he said he saw on the sky the
letter "V," and he said, "I cannot un-
derstand what that is I see against the
sky; it is the letter 'V.'" A Christian
standing beside him said, "I know what
it means; that letter 'V' stands for vic-
tory." "I gather up all these flowers
to-day, and I strew them over the
graves of your Christian dead in the
letter 'V' for 'victory,' 'R' for
'resurrection,' 'T' for 'triumph,'
'H' for 'heaven.' 'The Lord is risen.'
Hosanna!"

HONORS AFTER DEATH.

While standing around the place
where the Lord lay I am impressed with
the fact that mortuary honors cannot
atone for wrongs to the living. If they
could have afforded Christ such a costly
sepulcher they could have afforded
him a decent earthly residence. Will
they give a piece of marble to the dead
Christ when they might have given a
soft pillow to the living Christ. If they
had put half the expense of that man-
sion in the making of Christ's life on
earth comfortable the story would
not have been so sad. He wanted
bread; they gave him a stone. Christ,
like every other benefactor of the
world, was better appreciated after he
was dead. Westminster Abbey and
monumental Greenwood are to a cer-
tain extent the world's attempts by
mortuary honors to atone for neglects
to the living. Poets' Corner in West-
minster Abbey an attempt to pay for
the sufferings of Grub street. I go into
that Poets' Corner of Westminster Ab-
bey, and there I find the grave of Han-
del, the musician from whose music
we hear today as it goes down rever-
berating through the ages. While I
stand at the costly tomb of Handel I
cannot forget the fact that his fellow
musicians tried to destroy him with
their discords.

I go a little farther in the Poets' Cor-
ner of Westminster Abbey and I find
the grave of John Dryden, the great
poet. Costly monument, great mortu-
ary honors; but I cannot forget the
fact that at seventy years of age he
wrote about the oppressions of misfor-
tune, and that he made a contract for a
thousand verses at sixpence a line. I
go a little farther on in the Poets' Cor-
ner and I find the grave of Samuel
Butler, the author of "Hudibras."
Wonderful monument, costly mortu-
ary honors! Where did he die? In a gar-
ret. I move farther on in the Poets'
Corner and I find the grave of a poet
of whom Walter wrote: "An old school-
master by the name of John Milton
has written a tedious volume on the
fall of man. If its length be no virtue,
it has none." I go a little farther on
in the Poets' Corner and I find the
grave of Sheridan. Alas! for Sheri-
dan. Poor Sheridan! Magnificent
mortuary honors. What a pity it was
he could not have discounted that
monument for a mouthful of something
to eat! Oh, unfilial children, give
your old parents less tombstone and
more blankets, less funeral and more
bedroom.

Five per cent. of the money now ex-
pended at Burns' banquets would have
made the great Scotch poet comfort-
able and kept him from being almost
harried to death by the drudgery of an
exileman. Horace Greeley—outrage-
ously abused while he lived—going out
to his tomb was followed by the presi-
dent of the United States and the lead-
ing men of the army and the navy.
Some people could not say bitter
enough things about him while he
lived; all the world rose up to do him
honor when he died. Massachusetts,
at the tomb of Charles Sumner, tried
to atone for the ignominious resolu-
tions with which her legislature de-
nounced the living senator. It was too
late.

The costly monument at Springfield,
Mass., cannot pay for Booth's bullet.
Costly mortuary honors on the banks
of Lake Erie—\$200,000 and \$200,000—cannot pay for
the assassination of James A. Garfield.
Do justice to the living. All the justice
you do you will have to do this side
the gates of the necropolis. The dead
cannot wake up to count the number
of carriages in the procession or see the
polish on the Aberdeen granite or to
read the words of epitalaphic commemo-
ration. Costly mausoleum of the gentle-
man in the suburbs of Jerusalem can-
not atone for Bethlehem's manger
and Calvaryan cross and Pilate's ruf-
fian judiciary.

FLOWERS FOR THE DEAD.

Again, standing in this place where
the Lord lay I am impressed with the
fact that floral and sculptural orna-
mentation are appropriate for the place of
the dead. We are all glad that in the

short time of the Saviour's inhumation
he lay amid flowers and sculpture. I
cannot quite understand what I see in
the newspapers where, amid the an-
nouncements of obsequies, the friends
request "send no flowers." Why, there
is no place so appropriate for flowers as
the casket of the departed. If your
means allow—I repeat, if your means
allow—let there be flowers on the cas-
ket, flowers on the hearse, flowers on
the grave. Put them on the brow; it
means coronation. Put them in the
hand; it means victory. Christ was
buried in a parterre. Christ was buried
in a garden. Flowers are types of resur-
rection. Death is sad enough anyhow.
Let conservatory and arboretum do all
they can in the way of elevation. Your
little girl loved flowers while she
was alive. Put them in her hands, now
that she cannot go forth and pluck
flowers for herself. On sunny days
twist a garland for her still heart.

Brooklyn has no greater glory than
her Greenwood, nor Boston than her
Mount Auburn, nor Philadelphia than
her Laurel Hill, nor Cincinnati than
her Spring Grove, nor San Francisco
than her Lone Mountain. What shall
I say of these country graveyards
where the vines have fallen down and
the slab is askant and the mound is
eaved in and the grass is the pasture
ground for the sexton's cattle? Are
your father and mother of so little ac-
count that you have no more respect
than that for their bones? Some day
gather together and straighten up the
fence and lift the slab and bank up the
mound and tear out the weeds and
plant the shrubs. After a while you
yourself will want to lie down to the
last slumber. If you have no regard
for the bones of your ancestors, your
children will have no deference for
your bones. Do you say these relics
are of no importance? You will see of
how much importance they are when
the archangel takes out his trumpet.
Turn all your graveyards into gardens.

Standing in this place where the Lord
lay I am also impressed with the dig-
nity of unpretending obsequies. Joseph
that day was mourner, sexton, liv-
erlyman—had the entire charge of all the
occasion. Four people only at the
burial of the King of the Universe. Let
this be consolatory to those who,
through small means or lack of large
acquaintance, have but little demon-
stration of grief at the grave of their
dead. It is not necessary. Long line
of glittering equipages, two rows of
silver handles, casket of costly wood,
pallbearers scarlet and gloves are not
necessary. Christ, looked out from
heaven at a burial where there are six
in attendance, and remembers there are
two more than he had at his obsequies.

Not recognizing this idea, how many
small properties are scattered in the
funeral rites, and widowhood and or-
phanage go out to the cold charity of
the world. The departed left enough
property to have kept the family to-
gether until they could take care of
themselves, but it is all absorbed in the
funeral rites. That went for erpe
which ought to have gone for bread.
A man of small means can hardly af-
ford to die in one of our great cities.
Funeral pageantry is not necessary.
No one was ever more lovingly and
tenderly put into the grave than Christ,
but there were only four in the proces-
sion.

THE DEAD SHALL RISE AGAIN.

Again, standing in this place where
the Lord lay, I am impressed with the
fact that you cannot keep the dead
down. The seal of Sanhedrin, a reg-
iment of soldiers from the tower of
Antonio to stand guard, floor of rock,
roof of rock, wall of rock, niche of
rock, cannot keep Christ in the crypt.
Come out and come up he must. Come
out and come up he did. Prefigura-
tion. The first fruits of them that
sleep. Just as certainly as you and I
go down into the grave, just so cer-
tainly we will come up again. Though
you pile up on the top of us all the
boulders of the mountains, you cannot
keep us down. Though we be buried
under the coral of the deepest cavern
of the Atlantic ocean, we will rise to
the surface. Ah! my friends, death
and the grave are not what they used
to be to us, for now, walking around
the spot where the Lord lay, we find
vines and flowers covering up the
tomb, and that which we called a
place of skulls has become a beautiful
garden. Yea, now there are four gar-
dens instead of one—Garden of Eden,
Garden of the World's Sepulcher,
Garden of Earth's Regeneration, Garden
of Heaven.

Various scriptural accounts say that
the work of grave breaking will begin
with the blast of trumpets and shout-
ings; whence I take it that the first
intimation of the day will be a sound
from heaven such as has never before
been heard. It may not be so very
loud, but it will be penetrating. There
are mausoleums so deep that undis-
turbed silence has slept there ever since
the day when the sleepers were left in
them. The great noise shall strike
through them. Among the corals of
the sea, miles deep, where the ship-
wrecked rest, the sound will strike. No
one will mistake it for thunder or the
blast of earthly minstrel-y. There will
be heard the voice of the uncounted
millions of the dead, who come rushing
out of the gates of eternity, flying
toward the tomb, crying: "Make way!"
Oh, grave, give us back our body! We
gave it to you in corruption; surrender
it now in incorruption. Thousand-
s of spirits arising from the field of
Sedan, and from among the rocks of
Gettysburg, and from among the pines
of South Mountain. A hundred thou-
sand are crowding Greenwood. On
this grave three spirits meet, for there

were three bodies in that tomb; one
that family vault twenty spirits hover,
for there were twenty bodies.
From New York to Liverpool, at
every few miles on the sea route, a
group of hundreds of spirits coming
down to the water to meet their bodies.
See that multitude!—that is where the
Central America sank. And yonder
multitude!—that is where the Pacific
went down. Found at last! That is
where the City of Boston sank. And
yonder the President went down. A
solitary spirit alights on yonder prairie
—that is where a traveler perished in
the snow. The whole air is full of
spirits—spirits flying north, spirits fly-
ing south, spirits flying east, spirits fly-
ing west. Crash! goes Westminster
Abbey, as all its dead kings and orators
and poets get up.

Strange commingling of spirits search-
ing among the ruins. William Wilber-
force, the good, and Queen Elizabeth,
the bad. Crash! go the Pyramids, and
the monarchs of Egypt rise out of the
heart of the desert. Snap! go the iron
gates of the modern vaults. The coun-
try graveyard will look like a rough
plowed field as the mounds break open.
All the kings of the earth; all the sen-
ators; all the great men; all the beg-
gars; all the armies—victors and van-
quished; all the ages—barbaric and
civilized; all those who were chopped
by guillotine, or simmered in the fire,
or rotted in dungeons; all the infants
of a day; all the octogenarians—all!
All! Not one straggler left behind.
All! All!

And now the air is darkened with the
fragments of bodies that are coming
together from the opposite corners
of the earth. Lost limbs finding their
mate—bone to bone, sinew to sinew—
until every joint is reconstructed, and
every arm finds its socket, and the am-
putated limb of the surgeon's table
shall be set again at the point from
which it was severed. A surgeon told
me that after the battle of Bull Run
he amputated limbs, throwing them
out of the window, until the pile
reached up to the window-sill. All
those fragments will have to take their
places. Those who were torn blind
shall have eyes divinely kindled; those
who were lame shall have a limb sub-
stituted. In all the hosts of the resur-
rected not one eye missing; not one
foot clogged; not one arm palsied; not
one tongue dumb; not one ear deaf.

FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

Wake up, my friends, this day, this
glorious Easter morning, with all these
congratulations. If I understand this
day, it means peace toward heaven and
peace toward earth. Great wealth of
flowers! Bring more flowers! Wreath
them around the brazen throat of the
cannon, plant them in the desert until
it shall blossom like the rose, charge
them into the mane of the war charger
as he comes back. No more red dahl-
ias of human blood. Give us white
lilies of peace. Strew all the earth
with Easter garlands, for the resurrec-
tion we celebrate this morning implies
all kinds of resurrection, a score of
resurrections.

Resurrection from death and sin to
the life of the gospel. Resurrection of
apostolic faith. Resurrection of com-
mercial integrity. Resurrection of na-
tional honor. Resurrection of inter-
national goodwill. Resurrection of art.
Resurrection of literature. Resurrec-
tion of everything that is good and
kind and generous and just and holy
and beautiful. Nothing to stay down,
to stay buried, but sin and darkness
and pain and disease and revenge and
death. Let those tarry in the grave
forever. "Glory to God in the highest,
and on earth peace, goodwill to men."

Christ, the Lord, is risen today.
Sons of men and angels say,
Raise your songs and triumphs high.
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.
Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the night, the battle won,
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

Vitality of a Quail.

J. E. Isgrig, of Carthage, Mo., thus
writes to The American Field: "I send
you by express a hen quail. W. B.
Hickey was working his puppies on
birds today, and when the berry flushed
he noticed this bird, which flew, he
says, like one having been shot in the
head. It flew quite a distance, and
upon getting it up the second time he
killed it, which of course was contrary
to law, but under the circumstances
was a humane act. You will see that
a twig has been run completely through
the breast, both ends protruding. It
has evidently been there quite a long
time, as the wound has grown over. I
think it marvelous that the bird could
have survived such a wound. The bird
would in all probability have lived its
days out had it not been shot. Mr.
Hickey's theory is that the bird was fly-
ing to escape a hawk and darted into
the brush, and in doing so flew against
this twig."

Stealing a House.

The thieves about Frankford are
nothing if not enterprising. A short
time ago a party of them demolished
two houses owned by Building In-
spector Collom to secure the wood. A
few days later he was notified by the
highway department to remove the de-
bris or suffer a heavy penalty. Mr.
Collom had the bricks cleaned and
nicely piled where the erstwhile houses
stood, and all was well. Next day he
visited the site and discovered that the
thieves had carted away the bricks.
He ordered a sign painted warning per-
sons against removing the lot.—Phila-
delphia Record.

During the year 1890 3,556 new Meth-
odist churches were established in the
south, an average of one church in
every nineteen hours.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Very small buckles are preferred to
bows on evening slippers.

Success is the card that wins. Even
the successful fool is applauded, while
the philosopher who fails is hissed.

Dr. Lewis, the latest owner of Cedar-
croft, Bayard Taylor's old home, has
just died, and the place is again to be
sold.

Mrs. Anne Jeuness Miller, favorably
known as a dress reform missionary, is
about to write her first novel.

Mr. Henley, aged ninety-five, has fin-
ished an uninterrupted life of pauper-
ism in the Glasgow workhouse. He
was brought there when six years old
in 1801.

George W. Cable claims that the mo-
ment he hears a southerner talk he can
tell where he is from and guess at his
ancestry.

An application to the French author-
ities has been made by Lady Cairness
for permission to erect a statue of Mary
Queen of Scots near her home in Paris.

Rev. F. A. Farley, of Brooklyn, be-
comes by the death of the historian
Bancroft the oldest living graduate
of Harvard. He was graduated in
1818, and is ninety years old.

It is estimated that in 100 cents there
is about seventeen cents' worth of
metal, and in twenty nickel five cent
pieces there is less than eight cents' worth.

It is a fact that a good old Boston-
ian who has a painting of the meeting
of Cleopatra and Antony has seriously
spoken of it as "the meeting of Cleo-
patria and St. Anthony."

Children's bones contain so much an-
imal matter that they knit quickly.
The bones of older people contain
more earthy matter, and hence are
more brittle. They knit more slowly.

In Germany an early dinner and sup-
per time prevails to a great extent. I
o'clock being the usual hour for dining.
Among court circles, however, 3 or 4
o'clock is the fashionable hour.

In England the fastest schedule time
is sixty miles an hour, though in some
of the "races" seventy-five miles have
been made. There are regular freight
trains in England which make a speed
of from thirty to forty miles an hour.

Jane Austen and Guy de Maupassant.

Unconsciously Jane Austen was a
forerunner of a group of novelists,
represented at present perhaps most
completely by M. Guy de Maupassant.
Could she have foreseen what was
coming there is no reason to suppose
she would have shrunk from the asso-
ciation as perturbing to maidenly sus-
ceptibilities; her minute acquaintance
with Richardson, the outspoken habit
of her time, a hint or two in her let-
ters, show the likelihood that her ob-
jection to the form taken for the mo-
ment by French fiction would, like
ours, be to some extent offset, could
she read it, by admiration of the skill
of some of the writers—all the more
that she knew French.

She and M. Guy de Maupassant are,
indeed, in odd contrast, and yet closely
alike. His range is perhaps as narrowly
as hers; he avowedly goes out of his
way in search of the unacknowledged,
whereas she obviously makes her ar-
rows of the wood that happens to lie in
her path. Her characters are apt to be
ladies and gentlemen; his are usually,
as Mr. Henry James points out, the re-
verse. Her plots turn on domestic "in-
volvements"; by no stretch of language
could his atmosphere be termed do-
mestic.—W. B. S. Clymer in Scribner's.

A Suggestive Tombstone.

A bright-eyed Brooklyn friend whose
family came from the wilds of Staten
Island told me a funny story the other
day. She said: "I started out to pay
my devotion at the shrines of my an-
cestors, and for that purpose visited
the ancient country churchyard in the
interior of the island where several gen-
erations of our family are now buried.
As I wandered among the grass grown
mounds I came upon a newly made
tomb in the shadow of the weather-
beaten walls of the old church. The
fresh earth showed that it had been
made within a week or two. No stone
or 'monumental urn' yet marked the
resting place of the dead, but in the
middle of the mound was stuck an old
fashioned palm leaf fan of the sort
which you find in the pews of country
churches. The identity of the departed
was not known to me, but I thought
the symbol—if that was what it was
intended for—was at least suggestive. It
was the grimmest sarcasm I ever en-
countered."—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Clergyman's Quandary.

A clergyman of the Greek church
who is paying a visit to this city, and
who is stopping at one of the up town
hotels, relates that he was called on re-
cently to baptize an infant which was
said to be dying. "To my surprise,"
he said, "when I reached the house I
found it had two heads. For a mo-
ment I was at a loss how to proceed,
for no provision was made in the rules
of the church for such a contingency.
I concluded, however, that in order to
be on the safe side it would be neces-
sary to baptize both heads, which I did,
and the child died a few minutes later."
—San Francisco Call.

Their Redeeming Feature.

Mrs. Popen—I object to the use of
the Kach enre. The idea of having
bacilli fed into one's veins!

Dr. For—But, madam, I assure you
the bacilli are highly educated.

Mrs. Popen—Ah, indeed! that alters
the case.—Munsey's Weekly.

LOVE ON A DEATH BOX.

A Chicago Driver Takes His Sweetheart
Out Riding on a White Hearse.

Everybody on the West Side knows
Barney Sullivan. He drives a hearse
for a Madison street undertaker. He
has led more funeral processions to
Calvary in the past two years than any
other driver in the city. About a year
ago he took Maggie Dooly to see Joe
Murphy in "Sham Blue," and she is
talking about it to this day. Not long
ago, however, Barney met the Widow
McGraw, whose husband was killed
last summer in the Burlington yards.
His life was insured for \$2,000. The
widow put every dollar of it in bank,
and it's drawing 6 per cent.

She has an income of ten dollars a
month from the interest and twenty
dollars more from where she cooks.
She is employed in the household of a
Prairie avenue gentleman. It was at a
wake that Barney became acquainted
with the Widow McGraw. She was
smitten with his red whiskers and win-
ning ways. He escorted her home, and
on the way they stopped at a restaur-
ant and ate oysters, both raw and
fried. Barney was invited to call,
which he did, and on leaving he told
the widow that it was the most enjoy-
able evening he had spent since he came
to America. And it was arranged that
they should go buggy riding Sunday
afternoon if the day was fine.

Barney forgot all about engaging a
rig until 10 o'clock in the morning. He
went to several stables on the West
Side, but could not hire a horse for love
or money. The day was delightful,
and everybody was out driving about
the parks and along the boulevards.
He telephoned to Leroy Payne's, and
offered ten dollars for a rig for two
hours, but he might just as well have
offered ten cents. There wasn't a horse
or buggy to be had in all Chicago. As
a last resort he hitched up a team of
cream colored horses to a white hearse
and started for Prairie avenue.

The hearse rolled noiselessly along
over the granite paved avenues, and
Barney was in the height of his glory.
In front of where the widow is em-
ployed he turned in so close that the
wheels of the hearse scraped against
the curbstone. People in the neigh-
borhood went out on the front steps to
improve who was dead. Presently Bar-
ney and the widow came out of the
house and mounted the driver's box.
As the hearse rolled away peals of
laughter split the air. They drove in
impressive dignity down Drexel boule-
vard, and then turned the heads of the
cream colored horses toward Jackson
park.

Thousands of persons saw the strange
vehicle circling around the park, but
they didn't know what to make of it.
Barney and the widow paid no atten-
tion to the caustic comments made
upon them from time to time. They
enjoyed the drive as well as they would
have done in a limousine; for on the way
home it was planned that the Widow
McGraw will soon change her name to
Sullivan.—Chicago Herald.

Worth of Good Breeding.

It is more to the point to say that it
is important to keep the passages of the
nose perfectly clear, to have the mouth
well closed and mobile. The last thing
before leaving privacy should always
be a toilette do, not, clearing it by
sniffing water of cologne and water,
or spraying with the handy atomizer
which has so many uses for the toilet
besides wasting perfume.

There is no surer way of keeping the
eyes bright than by keeping the nose
clear and breath free. The compound
stupidity of the stuffed head, the ver-
mouth eyes and open jaw betoken not
only physical but mental incompe-
tency.

A youth or a man cannot have good
sense if his nasal and breathing ap-
paratus is out of order, and of neces-
sity affecting his brain. Physicians
find that the stupidity of many chil-
dren at school vanishes with the cure
of catarrh, that sure sequence of want
of intelligent care in early years. The
trouble removed, the lungs and breath
working freely, the blood in body and
brain aerated, the child seems to wake
into new life, loses its listlessness and
grows bright and playful as the bright-
est of its mates. Boys in their teens
and twenties often have a touch of
catarrh from sleeping in stuffy, un-
ventilated rooms.—Shirley Dare's Let-
ter.

A Hint for a New Dress.

Now for a new dress. Pick up a bit
of charvet velvet and have some good
dressmaker resolve it into a short round
waist. There are among the winter
"left overs" remnants of black silk,
lined or checked with red, which can
be bought cheap, and will make up
beautifully. You, of course, will make
up the skirt, and here is the way to do
it: Put six widths in it, gathering the
front and sides as little as possible, and
lay the back in a fan or double box
plait.

Cut a four-inch ruffle on the bias,
double, not hem, the top, line it, and
sew about the sides and front gores.
As all the dresses drag, and all women
must follow the fashion, look well to
the facing of your skirt. Use for this
purpose some excellent quality of cash-
mere or closely woven stuff. You will
only need a little, and a good piece will
save repairs. Buy, too, the best grade
of braid. Rubber is not used for this
purpose, nor is any extender or steel
put in the lining. The drawstrings are
depended on to hold back the fullness.
Then, too, a girl must learn to walk so
as not to throw her skirts from heel to
heel.—New York World.

